

Crash Test Dummies, We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star

O star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Born a king on Bethlehem plain
Gold I bring to crown Him again
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign

O star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Frankincense to offer have I
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising all men raising
Worship Him, God on high

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Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Myrrh is mine its bitter perfume
Breaths a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying
Sealed in the stone cold tomb

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Star with royal beauty bright
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Guide us to thy perfect light

Glorious now behold Him arise
King and God and sacrifice
Heaven sings alleluia
Alleluia the earth replies

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